1902

THE FRENCH GALLERY
120 PALL MALL
LONDON
S.W.

SELECTED PICTURES

BY

JOSEPH ISRAËLS : LEON LHERMITTE

MATTHEW MARIS : HENRI HARPIGNIES

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.

EXHIBITION

AT THE

FRENCH GALLERY,

120, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.,

OF

SELECTED WORKS

BY

JOSEPH ISRAËLS

MATTHEW MARIS

HENRI HARPIGNIES

LEON LHERMITTE

1909.

The French Galleries.

120, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

131, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

3, EAST FORTIETH STREET, NEW YORK.

99, NOTRE-DAME STREET W., MONTREAL.

124, YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

123, SPARKES STREET, OTTAWA.

WALLIS & SON.

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EXHIBITED AT THE

FRENCH GALLERY, LONDON,

1909.

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3 The Christening
4 Boy with a Hoop
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MATTHEW MARIS.

By FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE weight of seventy years rests now on MATTHEW MARIS. Long an exile from the Holland that is the country of his birth—the Hague was the place—it has seemed good to him to spend his later life—and, I suspect, more than his later life—in a relative isolation; his days following one another in their uneventful course, in a reputable but now prosaic suburb of our London; his actual steps passing but seldom beyond the boundaries of a parish, but his imagination apt to set forth upon what voyages, to what remote, mysterious lands!

Of Matthew Maris's private fortunes it is fitting that I say no more. Enough must be this bare and summary indication of the limitations he has imposed upon his ways. They are in keeping with the character of his art; and from something of the art itself—even in its quite early manifestations—it is possible they might have been prophesied. His devotion to the outward things, of life and landscape, and to recognised facts, can never have been great. He was born, surely, to be a seer of visions—reality ever less precious to him than his enchanted dream.

But a departure from reality has not seldom, as I conceive it, been the adroit resource of painters, and more particularly of painters who cannot draw; for the realisation of something they have fancied or contrived has about it little of the responsibility that attaches to the impressive conveyance of fact. In Matthew Maris's case, however, no lack of craftsmanship, of technique, either forced or facilitated the artist's entry

into a world as to the pourtrayal of which it is difficult to establish any standard of judgment.

Maris's earlier work, when he was less concerned than in his later to efface by Art so many traces of the means that Art had used, proclaims him a draughtsman lacking in no quality of delicacy or expressiveness. It proclaims him too —although his later work fully as well does that—a colourist refined and subtle, where not the least illustrious of his compatriots and contemporaries would seem to have been unaware that colour permeates the world, and is not applied to it in patches. Yes, Matthew Maris is, in nearly all the most characteristic of his canvasses, a colourist subdued and tender, dainty and changeful—as one who might have seen, and watched and pondered, say, the play of water or of mist upon the least positive of gem stones ; making less positive, yet more dreamy, more evanescent, and more partial—the tints of turquoise, almandine, and opal. It is in part by schemes of colour so conceived and pursued that a castle by Matthew Maris is an "enchanted" castle, and not a castle solid, substantial, in an English shire. And so a definition held firmly in his own mind all the time no doubt, but in his mind alone—either never set down with fullness on the canvas, or, if set down, then effaced with prompt *pudeur* and an instinctive return to reticence—permits a quality of Romance that is not only in his themes, to be diffused over his labours. Not Life, but memory, imagination, fancy—or Life at most seen remotely and with many a change—that is the source, technique apart, of the gentle fascination of Maris.

And yet some very impressive pictures of the earlier days are near to Life, and derive from it directly their first inspiration, though the temperament of the painter brings something that must affect the whole, before the work is done. In the head of himself, wrought by the artist in the early Sixties

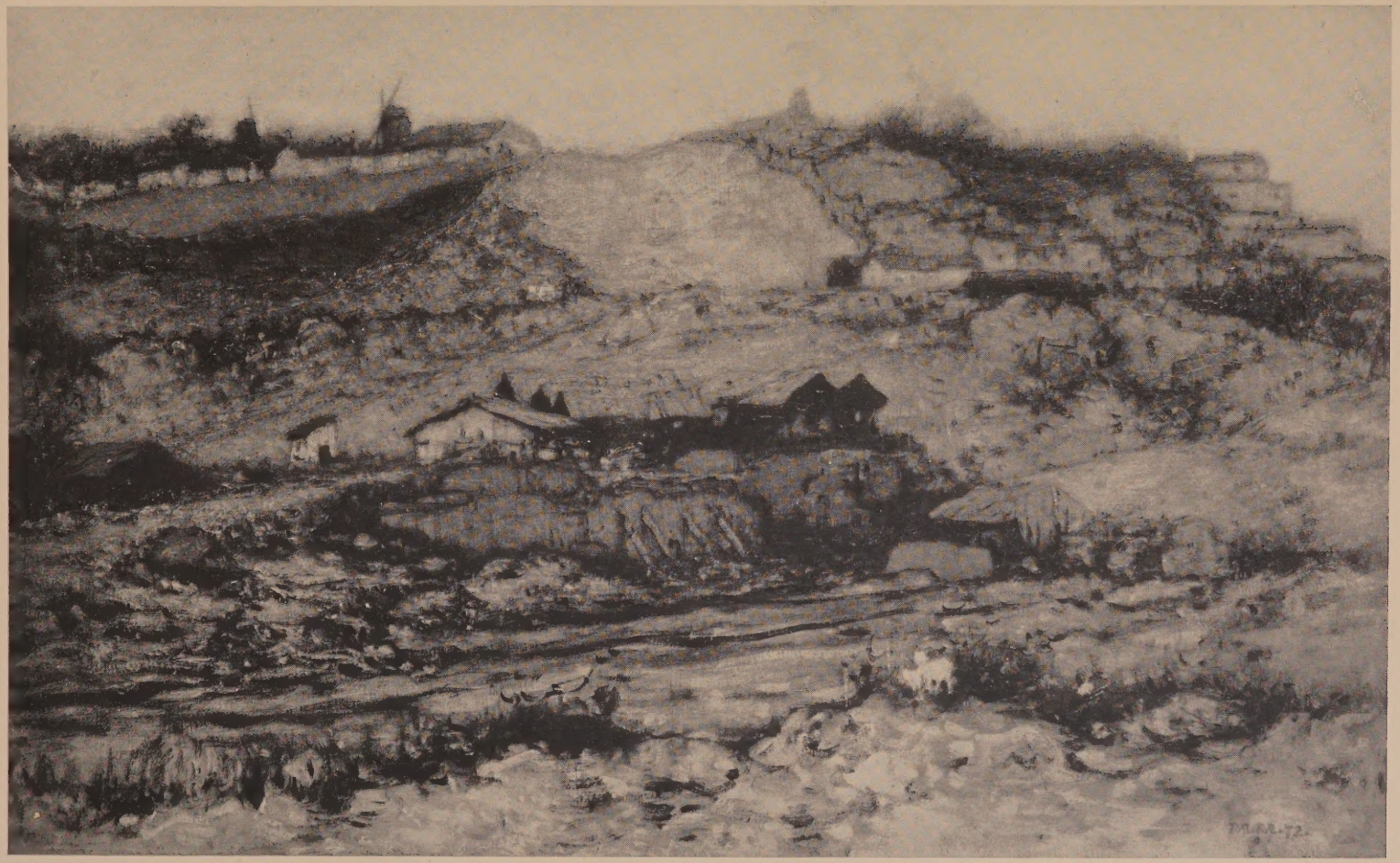
—1860 indeed—what a firm modelling of the mask! How tender, yet how certain, the pourtrayal of the action of the figure in that narrow interior with its girl-child inhabitant, called "The Young Cook"! A yet more marked reality, of customary refinement, but of uncustomary sturdiness—as far as Matthew Maris is concerned—belongs to "Boy with a Hoop," with its tones, soberly opulent, of umber and of greenish gold. That, of course, is of long ago. Gay and young, but in a land not ours, and in days we do not know, are hero and heroine of "Prince and Princess." Dramatic in its own way, and with a touch of Tennysonian wizardry, is "The Lady of Shalott," which, for all its imagination, or shall I say because of its imagination's vigour, has a reality much greater than that of "Lady with Goats"—and is with itself more at one.

Yet, for my own part, if I could conceive it were permitted to me to make a choice of one picture out of the seventeen in which, in this astonishing show, the works of Maris come to us, not "single spies"—as is their wont—but a "battalion," I think that my election would light upon one piece of the Seventies—of 1872, that is. That would be "Montmartre," which is not invention chiefly—which is record chiefly, but record in which the artist intervenes and dominates. The Montmartre of those days: the long stretch of the hill-side, capped by windmills: all the land solidly modelled, but Montmartre arrayed by Maris in dull reds and greyish browns—the brown of Autumn and its leafage scattered and scanty. It is a piece in which fact and reverie, firmness and mystery, find themselves so happily together.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

1 Children Resting,

by Matthew Maris.



2 Montmartre,
by Matthew Maris.

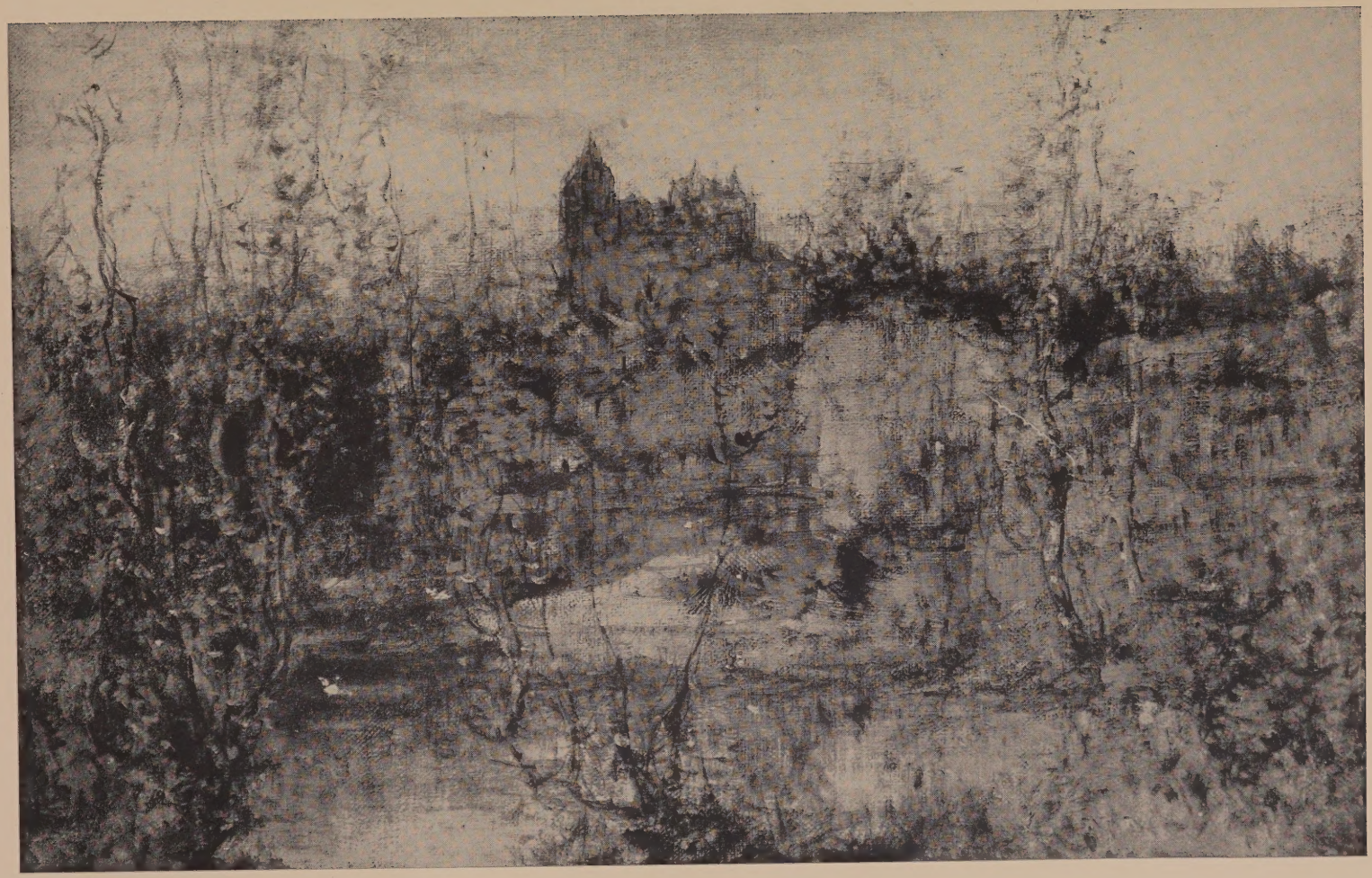
3 The Christening,

by Matthew Maris.

3 The Christening,

by Matthew Maris.

4 Boy with a Hoop,
by Matthew Maris.



5 The Enchanted Castle,
by Matthew Maris.

6 The Prince and Princess,
by Matthew Maris.

7 Enfant Couchée, *1873*

by Matthew Maris.

N°57. Vente Maxwell Londres 3 Juin 1910 - £: 5.145 (126.625 fs) Mr Reid

8 The Young Cook,

by Matthew Maris. 12½ - W. 8 in

N°20. Vente Glen-Coats. Londres - 2 Juillet - 1920 - gns: 3.200

9 The Enchanted Wood,
by Matthew Maris.

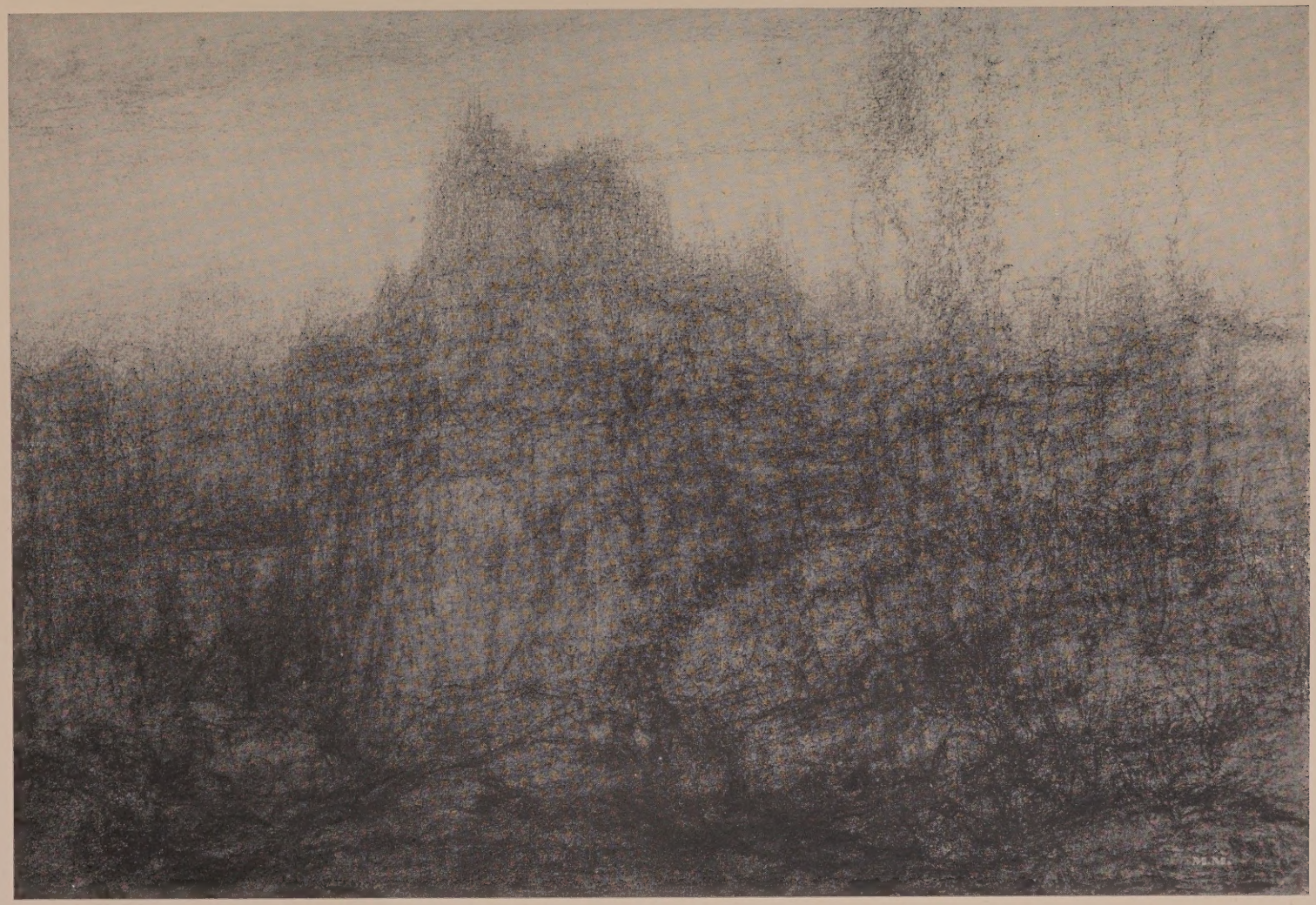
21½ in by 12½ in

n°58 - Vente Maxwell Londres 3 Juin 1940 - £: 392 Speyer

10 The Lady of Shalott,
by Matthew Maris.

16 A Cottage Scene, by Matthew Maris.

11 On the Beach, by Matthew Maris.



12 The Enchanted Castle,
by Matthew Maris.

13 Lady with Goats,

by Matthew Maris.

14 Butterflies,

by Matthew Maris.

15 The Girl at the Well,

by Matthew Maris.

17 Portrait of the Artist,
by Matthew Maris.

In the possession of Mr. C. M. Van Gogh.

JOSEPH ISRAËLS.

By P. G. KONODY.

THE story goes that Chardin, on being questioned by an inquisitive about the colours which he used in the painting of his pictures, replied: "One does not paint with colours—one paints with feeling." Still, Chardin was a painter keenly appreciative of the direct appeal made by the exquisite use of pigment. The deep truth that underlies the Frenchman's epigrammatic remark would have struck more decisively had it been uttered by Joseph Israëls, the octogenarian master to whom Holland largely owes the regeneration of her art on the lines of her great national tradition. For if ever there was painter whose work betrays contempt of material, or at least oblivion of material, in his complete absorption in the psychology and true inwardness of his subjects, it surely is Joseph Israëls!

There is an apparent contradiction in the assertion that a painter who pays so little attention to the beauty of technique for its own sake, that is to say to surface quality, should have revived the tradition of a national art that excelled above all in preciousness of pigment and in the unequalled skill with which its masters—the "small masters" of Holland—knew how to render the textures and qualities proper to different substances. And, indeed, Israëls's conception of life and of the representation of life in terms of art is based on Rembrandt's spirituality and profound human sympathy rather than on the "small masters'" materialistic delight in the exquisite imitation of beautiful objects. He has no eye for detail; and in spite of his early

academic training under Kruseman, Pieneman, and David's pupil Picot, and Delaroche, the finished work of his maturity betrays no sub-structure of precise drawing and academic construction. Swagger or "style" of brushwork and richness of pigment have no attraction for him. His brush-strokes betray no deliberate intention, have no definite function, no method. In themselves they are irregular, vague, hesitating—unimportant means towards the attainment of a very definite and deeply significant end, upon which the artist's entire attention is concentrated. Hence the wonderful unity of his effects and the emotional intensity of his appeal, which seem to be obtained by mysteriously elusive magic. This contempt for artistic caligraphy is strikingly confirmed by the careless sprawling signature which Israëls attaches to his picture. And, surely, the greatness of a poem does not depend upon the neatness of the handwriting! If Israëls prefers rough-hewn flint to symmetrically-pressed bricks, this choice of material does not impair the solidity of his walls.

Thus, superficially, Israëls's practice will be found to depart widely from that of the seventeenth century Dutchmen. In reality he is the true heir of their tradition, of which the method of expression is the least significant element. What is of real import is the truth of personal observation, the sense of personal experience which is almost inevitably lost in the reconstruction of a dead past, the organic unity of the scene represented, the general harmony of colour, and the correct tone relation of the component parts, which the old Dutch masters knew how to retain in spite of the minute attention bestowed upon details. In these points lies the true tradition, and not in the mechanical imitation of the superficial qualities, to which the painters of a declining school cling in their desperate effort to stem the tide of decay. There is more of the essentials of the Greek tradition in the fundamental

conception of Rodin's "Impressionist" sculpture than in all the lifeless pseudo-classicism of a Canova, which consisted in the imitation of mere externals. The true upholder of national tradition in art is the man who extracts the fundamental principles of that art and expresses them in the language of his own time. And this is precisely what Israëls has achieved in a country where the exemplars of a great past had been unintelligently imitated, until the representation of contemporary life had degenerated into the unconvincing and unreal costume picture; which in its turn was ousted by the universal academic formula, that swayed the official art of Europe in the middle of the last century.

Pictorial unity and profound human sympathy are the very essence of Israëls's art. He "paints with feeling" not with colours. His sympathy with the simple joys, and more with the quiet sorrows, of the humble fishing folk and peasantry whose life is a perpetual struggle with the forces of Nature, made him discover the pictorial possibilities of the emotional statement of subjects that lack the intrinsic elements of "beauty" as taught by his academic masters. His eyes were opened more than half a century ago, when a visit to the fishing village of Zandvoort, necessitated by his health, revealed to him the less obvious, but far more touching and significant beauty of the patriarchal simplicity and God-fearing life of these humble folk. It was first in the choice of his subjects, and more gradually in the adoption of a technique suitable for the expression of the emotion aroused in him by the observation of humble life, that he loosened himself from the academic fetters of his early training. With growing experience he advanced from comparative tightness to freedom, from freedom to that looseness of touch which in its rejection of precise statement defies analysis and arrives at a haunting suggestion of all that is spiritually

significant and detached, as it were, from matter of which pigment is the symbol. Thus his neglect of artistic caligraphy, far from detracting from the merit of his work, enhances its value by concentrating the beholder's attention upon the emotions from which the artist drew his inspiration. In this evolution of technique, as well as in several other respects, there is a distinct parallel between the art of Joseph Israëls and that of Rembrandt.

Another equally obvious comparison suggests itself between Israëls and Millet. Both had studied under Delaroche ; and the workers in the fields at Barbizon had done for Millet's future development what the fishing-folk at Zandvoort were to do for Israëls. But whereas Millet, in depicting the struggle of man with the inexorable forces of Nature, emphasised with epic and almost tragic power the *hopelessness* of this struggle, Israëls, even in an atmosphere of sadness, strikes the more optimistic note of hope, or at least of resignation. In his most touching renderings of poverty and lonely old age he does not suggest despair or hopelessness, but at the most submissiveness to the decrees of fate in a spirit of true Christian humility. For Israëls has retained in his venerable age something of childlike freshness and optimism, an outlook upon life which accounts for his sympathy with the innocent pleasures of childhood. Israëls's paintings of children sailing a toy-boat, or employed in similar harmless occupations, are not the work of a man who from the lofty standpoint of his life's experience looks indulgently upon the doings of the youngsters, but rather of one who partakes whole-heartedly of these childish delights.

P. G. KONODY.

Joseph Israëls was born on January 27th, 1827, at Groningen, Holland.

18 The Drowned Fisherman,

by Joseph Israëls.

21 Homewards, by Joseph Israëls.

19 A Sand Barge, by Joseph Israëls.

17½ × 22½

No 206. Vente Alex. Young. Londres - 1910 - £ 1.400 Lefevre
Coll. Sir Charles Wakefield 1911
No 36 - Vente Ernest Ruffer. esq - Londres 1924 - 9 mai £1.050 gns

20 Grief,
by Joseph Israëls.

22 Honored Old Age,

by Joseph Israëls.

23 Making Pancakes,

by Joseph Israëls.

18 in by 26 in

N°56. Vente maxwell - Londres - 3 Juin 1910 - £: 2. 855 (71.375 fo) Knoedler 1°

24 Sailing the Toy Boat,

by Joseph Israëls.

25 Grace before Meat,

by Joseph Israëls.

26 The Burial,
by Joseph Israëls.

27 A Dutch Fisher Girl,
by Joseph Israëls.

28 Faggot Gatherers,
by Joseph Israëls.

29 Sheltering from the Storm,

by Joseph Israëls.

HENRI HARPIGNIES.

By C. LEWIS HIND.

THE gift of Harpignies to the world is peace. Through him we are reminded of the beauty of Nature in tranquillity. Lucidity and placidity are the characteristics of his landscapes. They evoke serenity, repose, reflection. He never disturbs; he never excites; he never affrights; he never arouses disputation. How could one argue about the landscapes of Harpignies? We rest in them and are thankful. His statements of the beauty he has found in the world, a beauty informed by classical dignity and often touched by tender melancholy are as non-contentious as Gray's "Elegy."

This is surely the right attitude of a landscape painter towards his art. At any rate it is Harpignies' attitude. He wanders into a solitude of still water and vast trees, green swards and little hills; he tracks the ways of light leisurely and lovingly, and he paints the effect upon his soul of some moment surcharged with beauty. Now it is the Mediterranean, blue and unruffled, seen from a fragrant garden; now the melancholy Campagna in an hour of golden light with dark trees silhouetted against an uneventful sky; now a sunset on the banks of the Ain, a reticent sunset of course, the fierce red glow nearly shrouded by a vast tree; now a rising moon, and now a "Bords de la Loire," faint blue water, faint yellow sand, and a flight of homing birds. Man plays small part in his landscapes. Sometimes he will introduce a figure, perhaps two, but he is usually content to present a solitude, a simple pastoral bathed in the clear Harpignies' light, a

presentment of trees, fields and water, seen through a temperament which has kept its vision unimpaired through all the confusion of the schools, and the experiments in painting that have disturbed the art world during his long life. He has remained detached like one of his own trees.

Harpignies has been resolutely himself. You may trace in his work something of the sensitiveness of Corot and the sanity of Rousseau, but of the busy brilliance of the Impressionists there is no hint. He has never attempted to rival Nature, to pit the palette against the sun: his aim has always been to interpret, not to represent. He really belongs to a former day, to a quieter age, when the big line and the large treatment appealed to the brooding souls of the Barbizon painters. He stands aloof from the modern feverish desire to draw attention by eccentricity and fantastic ways of representing bizarre themes. He has been resolutely himself, in the clarity and sharpness of his colour, in the sobriety of his method, and in the sweet reasonableness of his subjects. Without haste, without rest, might have been his motto.

But all this would not suffice to give Henri Harpignies the position he holds to-day. Other men have his clearness of colour, the simplicity, never bald never empty, of his expression, so learned yet so easy of comprehension; and all the world of landscape painters has used his subjects.

Why then do we feel when looking at his pictures that here is a Master whose works can hang, without reproach, beside the Masters of landscape of the past. It is because he is a great designer. His pictures, from the largest of his oil paintings to the smallest of his water-colours, have always the sense of rhythm of an imposing building where the detail and the decoration assist but never intrude upon the noble lines of the structure. He sees Nature as a pattern, and you feel that the pattern was designed from the beginning, and

that no swift thought or sudden beauty springing up while the work was in progress, was allowed to interfere with the amplitude of the original idea. It is curious to compare his water-colours with those of Mr. Sargent's—so vivid, so modern, so amazing in their suggestion of movement—a moment of the day, of this day, arrested. Harpignies' water-colours are the moment eternal. They belong to all time, to Nature which was before man, and which may continue long after man has ceased his activities.

And it was curious and strange to stand before Harpignies' two contributions to the Salon of 1909, and to reflect that he, still living and working at the age of ninety, was born but two years after Daubigny, and but five years after Millet ; that he knew Corot, and that he, like so many others, was, at a critical time of his fortunes aided by Corot's generosity. Harpignies told M. Moreau-Nélaton that the first large cheque he received was from Père Corot for two water-colours. The amount, 1,000 francs, seems small now, but it was much more than Harpignies expected, which was the way of Corot of the many charities and the unnumbered kindnesses.

To have been born in 1819, and to be still painting in 1909—what a record ! Think of the mass of stored beauty such a life leaves to the world, of the pleasure it gives to mankind. All the great masters of landscape find somewhere their devoted followers and appreciators. Ruysdael brought "refreshment to the very soul" of Sir Robert Peel ; some of us experience a quiet joy beyond words in those sunny, ageless, changeless passages of landscape in the backgrounds of the Flemish Primitives ; others in the infinite distances of Claude and the golden visions of Turner ; others—oh ! the consolations awaiting those who need them in landscape art are multitudinous.

And Harpignies, the classicist, with a freshness that seems always to be looking at Nature with the eyes of youth, has his great following, who are infinitely consoled by the grave beauty, poise and balance of his pictures, by his big line and simple pattern, by his trees which seem to have grown year by year, and by the light that shines in his skies and echoes in his still waters. The placid joy that he has found in Nature passes on to us. His gift to the world is peace.

C. LEWIS HIND.

Henri Harpignies was born in 1819,
at Valenciennes, France.

30 View in the Campagna,

by Henri Harpignies.

25½ by 31 in 1897

Collection Captain John Audley Harvey 1912

No 32. Vente E. Ruffer. Londres - 9 mai 1924 - gns: 580

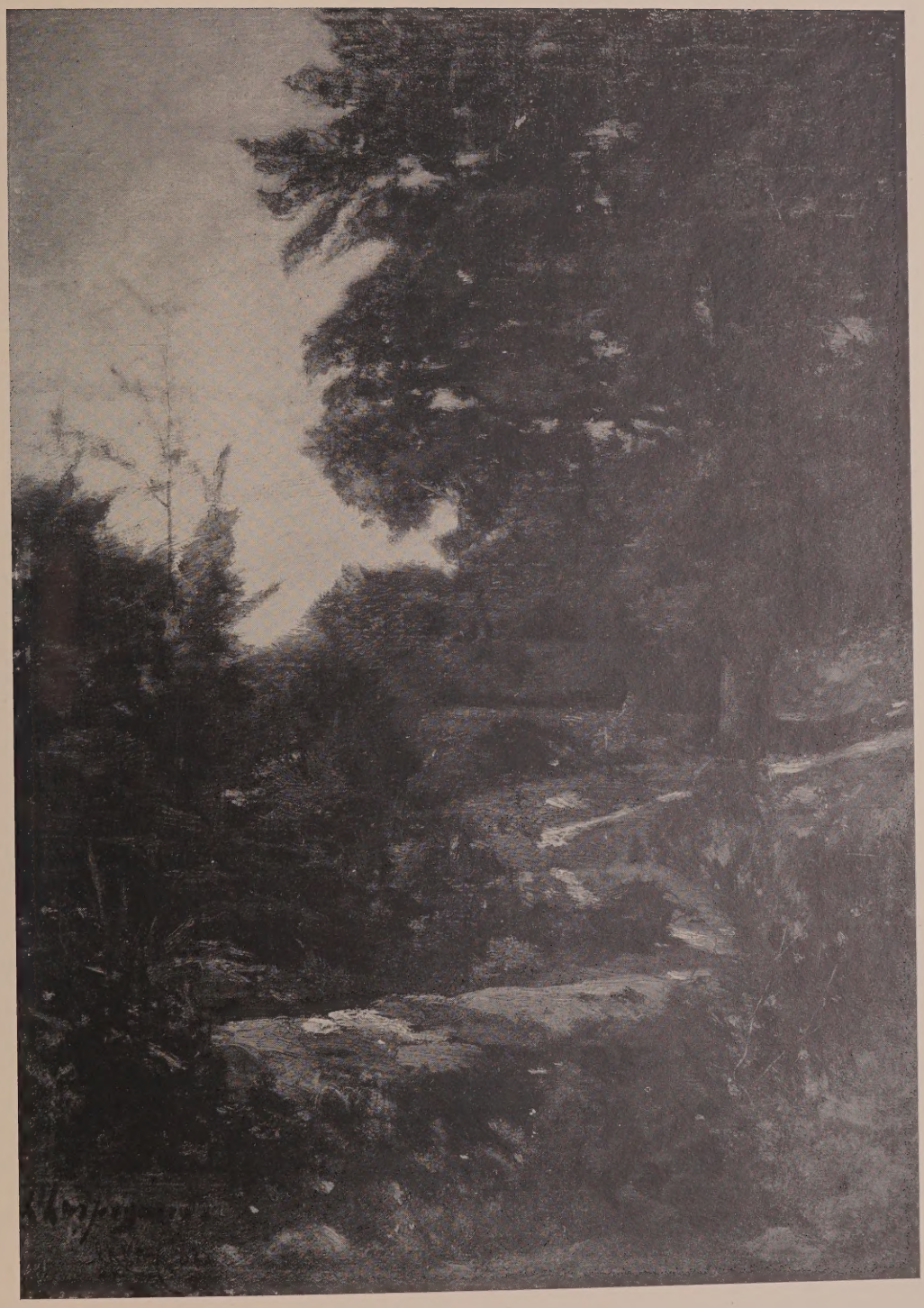
Gooden & Top

31 View in the Campagna,

by Henri Harpignies.

32 Cottages near Barbizon,
by Henri Harpignies.

33 Bois de Gierellen,
by Henri Harpignies.



34 The Edge of the Wood,
by Henri Harpignies.

35 A View on the Oise,

by Henri Harpignies.

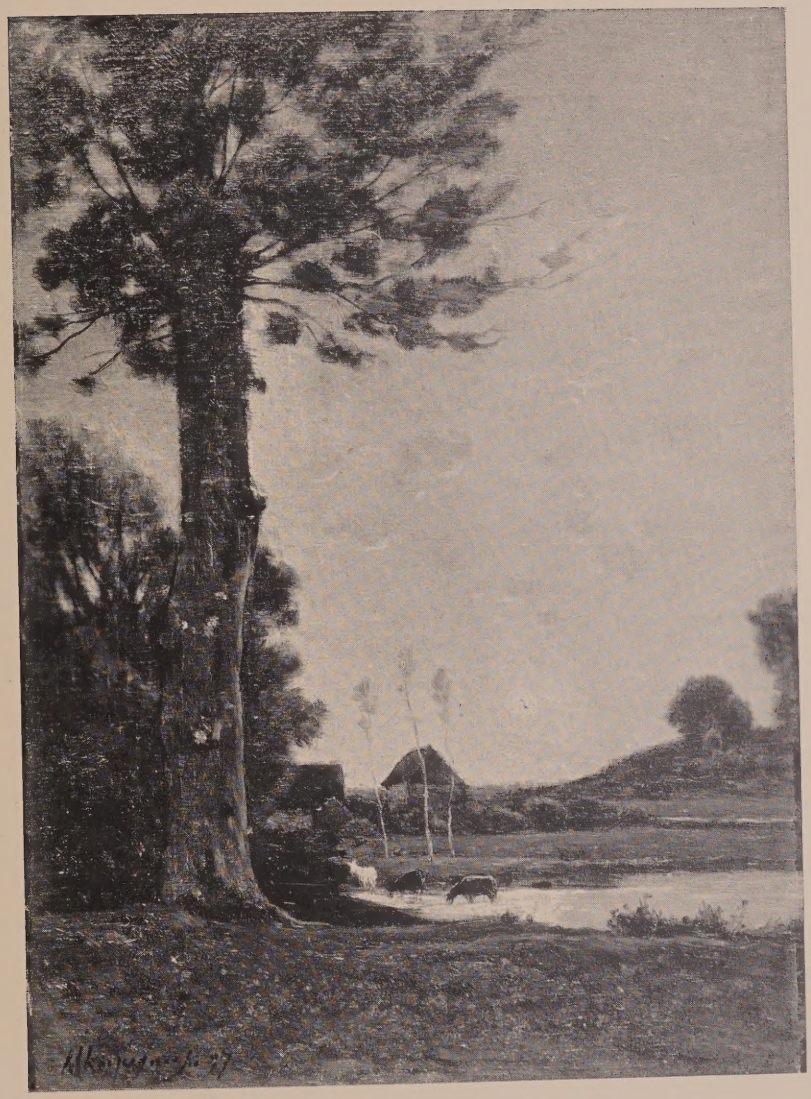
36 Bords de la Loire,
by Henri Harpignies.

37 Effet du Soir,
by Henri Harpignies.

38 L'Isle de Sable, Loire,
by Henri Harpignies.

39 Les Laveuses, by Henri Harpignies.

40 A Village Church, by Henri Harpignies.



41 The Rising Moon,
by Henri Harpignies.

42 Sunset on the Banks of the Ain,

by Henri Harpignies.

43 Environs de Nevers,
by Henri Harpignies.

LEON LHERMITTE.

By EDWARD F. STRANGE.

IT is not easy always to state with precision the qualities on which the reputation of a painter rests. Pure eccentricity, sedulous and subtle advertisement, the ephemeral favour of fashion or of society, some daring experiment in technique, mere rarity—each plays its part from time to time; and yet none of these counts towards substantial greatness. But, in the case of Leon Lhermitte, the issue is free from all such confusions. He is just an artist: one who has the gift of seeing the beauties of Nature, and of interpreting them to his fellow-men in terms easily to be understood.

This great gift of interpretation will always gain for him a welcome among Northern folk who love the fresh air, and the mild lights and shadows of a tempered climate. For us, it is good to have pictures of the countryside—not bleak and cold and desolate, but kindly and gracious, respondent to the care of those that dwell thereon. Cornfield and pasture, river and woodland, the little villages that happen among them—these are the subjects that inspire Lhermitte's art, the things that he knows and that have always been part of his own life.

Such scenes he paints with absolute simplicity of aim: choosing them with rare judgment and with an almost unerring instinct for beauty. He is not concerned with problems either of paint or of humanity. He does not confuse the function of the scientist with that of the artist. The tragedy or pathos of the peasant's life is often quietly indicated in

44 Women Washing,

by Leon Lhermitte.

45 Laveuses à Chelle,

by Leon Lhermitte.

46 A Farm at Mont St. Père,
by Leon Lhermitte.

47 The Reapers, by Leon Lhermitte.

48 Changing Pastures, by Leon Lhermitte.

51 Mid-day Rest,
by Leon Lhermitte.

53 Harvesting,

by Leon Lhermitte.

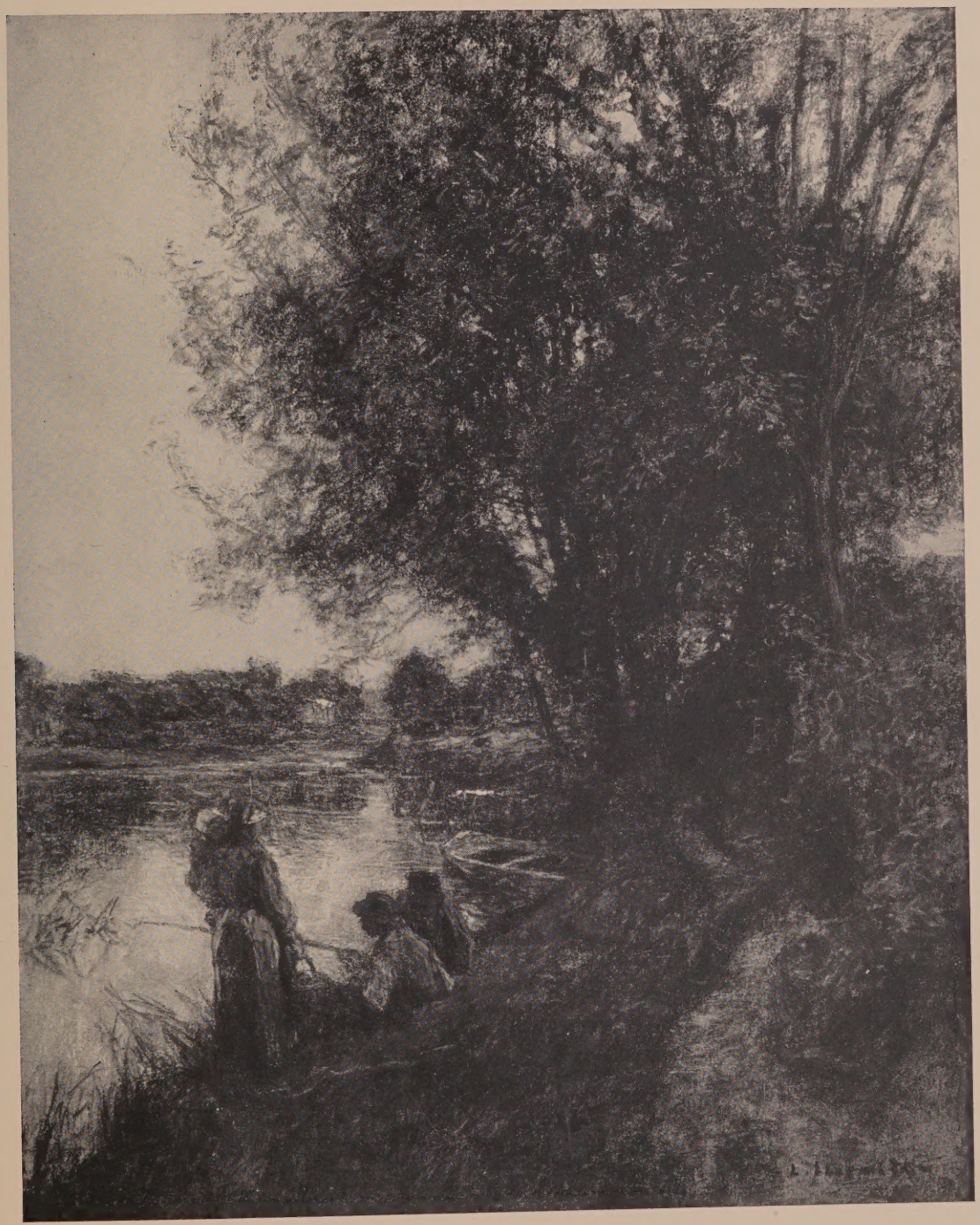
54 La Nourrice, by Leon Lhermitte.

55 Near Mont St. Père, by Leon Lhermitte.

57 Harvest Time ; Pas de Calais, by Leon Lhermitte.

56 A Quiet Pool, by Leon Lhermitte.

58 Lacemakers,
by Leon Lhermitte.

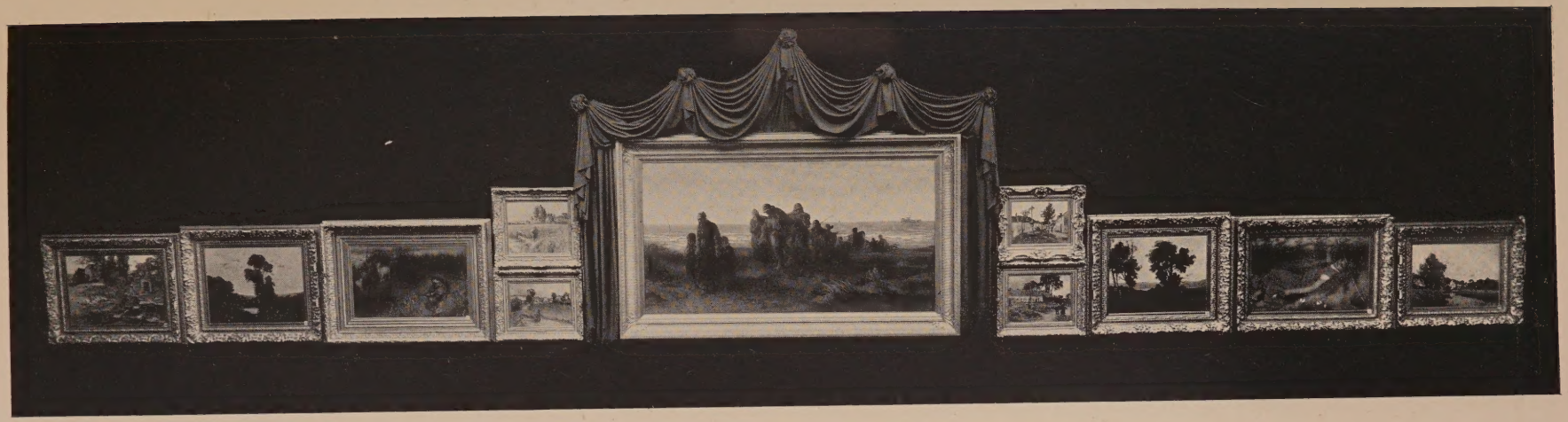


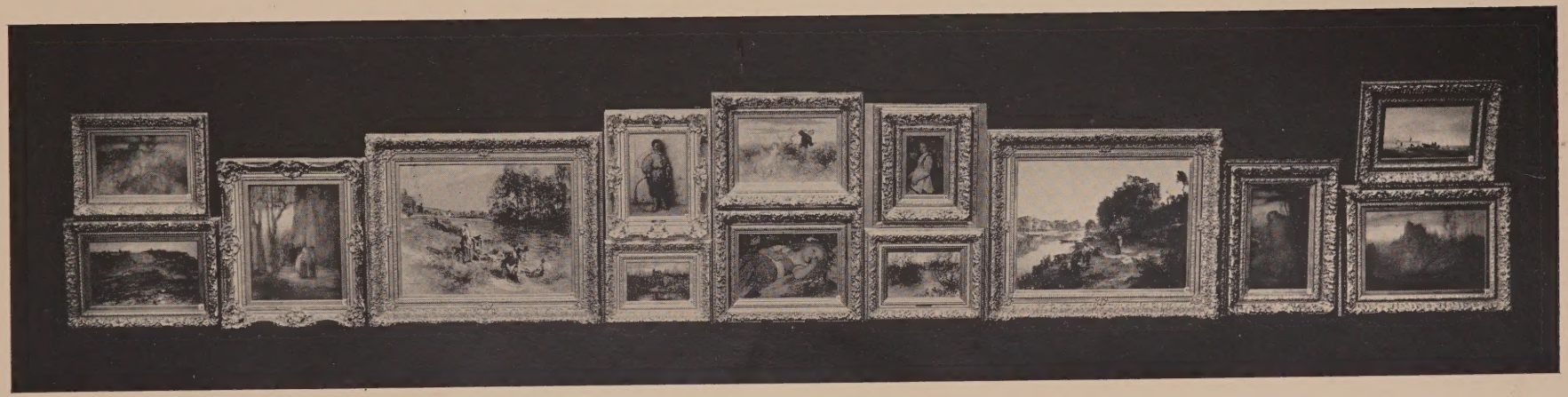
59 The Anglers,
by Leon Lhermitte.

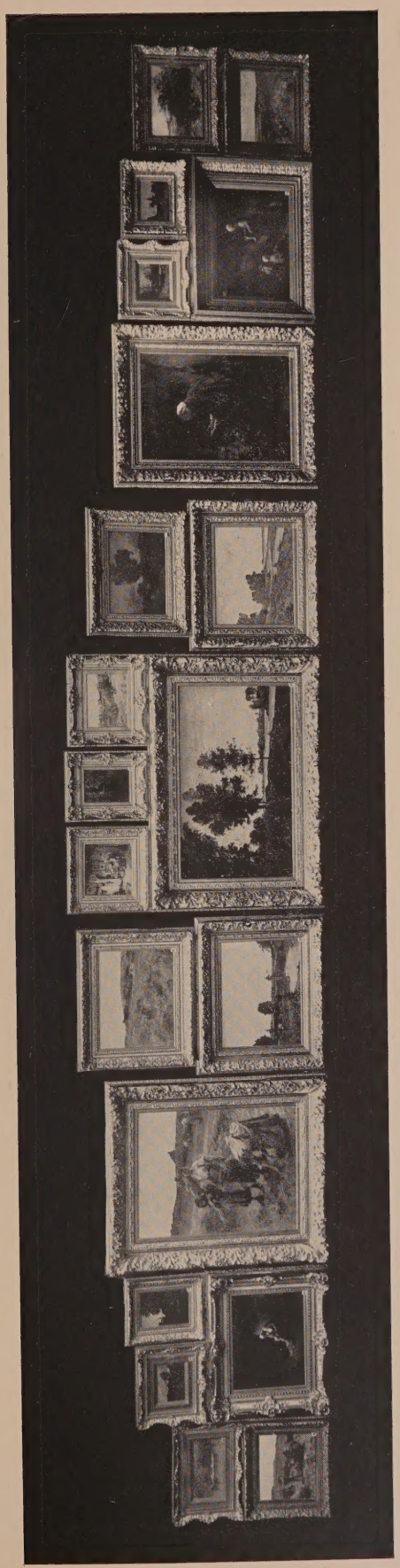
60 Gleaners near the Farm,
by Leon Lhermitte.

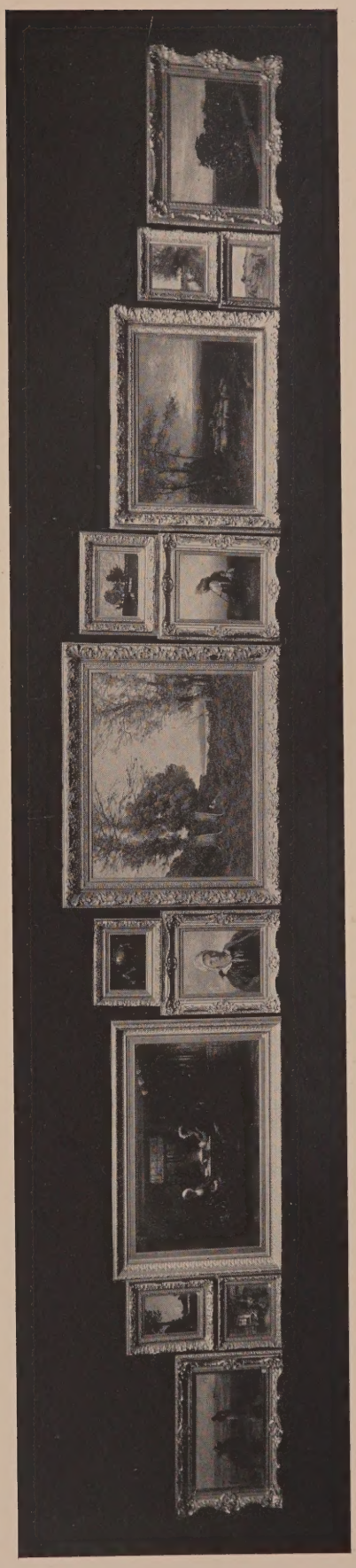
61 End of the Day,

by Leon Lhermitte.









Press Notices of the Collection.

THE TIMES, *May 21st*, 1909.

"Messrs. Wallis, at the French Gallery, confine themselves to four masters, all living—Joseph Israëls, Matthew Maris, Harpignies, and Lhermitte; and of these four the show is the most noteworthy that has been seen for a long time. In the case of Matthew Maris, who has lived in London for many years in close retirement, to see no fewer than 17 of his works gathered in one room will be a surprise to collectors, for it means the greater part of the output of one of the most unproductive of the first-rate men. For years he is said not to have painted at all, and he was always the slowest and most fastidious of artists. But here we have 'The Christening,' the 'Lady with Goats,' 'Butterflies,' and almost all the others that have become celebrated, so that he can really be judged in his beauties and in his limitations. He paints a kind of fairyland, and his pictures are 'such stuff as dreams are made of.'"

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH, *May 26th*, 1909.

"This is the ninety-sixth exhibition of this time-honoured, but still flourishing, gallery. The art of four distinguished painters is illustrated: Harpignies and Lhermitte among Frenchmen, Matthew Maris and Israëls among Netherlanders. What gives to the exhibition, however, its distinctiveness is the unrivalled display of the art of Matthew Maris, one of the truest poet-painters of the nineteenth century, and an artist who stands absolutely alone as representing pictorially the current of mysticism which in modern times has invaded and permeated the realism of the Netherlands. * * * * * *

"We think less at the moment of the technique, exquisitely expressive and consummate of its kind, than of the creation from within of a soul-world wholly human and yet wholly strange and remote. There is nothing exactly like it in contemporary painting, nothing so remote from realism and actuality, and yet so entirely modern in its unconscious effort to break loose from modernity. The vivifying heat of romantic passion, muted and restrained, yet ever present, is in all this quietude, this realm of dreams made dimly, beautifully visible. The landscape-study 'Montmartre' is terrible in its lofty severity of statement. 'The Christening,' a grim, half-indicated, half-obliterated scene outside a church; 'The Enchanted Castle,' a forest of towers guessed at rather than seen through a forest of trees—these are presented with a mysticism so intense in its very reticence that it admits of no actual definition in words. 'The Lady of Shalott' is a design greatly, weirdly expressive, though the academic professor might not find it defensible. By

the side of it the usual pretty pseudo-romantic renderings of the popular legend appear so much trivial prettiness. * * * *

"'The Prince and Princess' is such a summing-up of all the fairy tales of childhood, a thing of such delicate harmony, such moving beauty, that it is hard to look upon it with eyes undimmed. 'Enfant Couchée'—a blue-frocked, fair-haired child, who gazes seemingly outward, but really perceives only the happy daydream, symbolised by the gay, ephemeral butterflies, is as a painting the finest thing in the exhibition. The directness, the simplicity in subtlety of the rendering is admirable. * * * *

"It is unnecessary, it would be foolish, to compare the work of this gifted Dutch 'small master' of modern times with that of those great fixed stars of the world of art. But these half-shades, so difficult of realisation, but which are of the very essence of life and of art, are just what he does achieve, as hardly any other modern master has done. Search through art for anything exactly matching the expression of this happy young dreamer, who still hears the music of the spheres, to which we are deaf, and you will search in vain. The 'Lady with the Goats,' this 'petite Princesse' who sits weaving and wondering in the luminous twilight, timorously watched from the thicket by the goats, is such a realisation of Maeterlinck's idea of youth enveloped and directed by a mysterious destiny as the life-work of the poet-dramatist himself could hardly furnish. 'The Girl at the Well,' one of Matthew Maris's best-known paintings, was at the Guildhall Exhibition, and more recently at the Royal Academy. As a picture of lonely, self-communing maidenhood, mysteriously shielded by unseen influences from the rude touch of life, it is among his finest things.

"Two of the masterpieces of Israëls are in the gallery: one the famous 'Drowned Fisherman,' from the Young Collection; the other 'Grace before Meat,' a work, to our thinking, finer still in its dramatic force and unusual virility, not less of execution than of conception.

"Harpignies, who is copiously represented here—as he has been in many an exhibition and many a sale lately, both in his earlier and later styles—is seen to the greatest advantage in some works of the middle time, such as the noble 'Bords de la Loire.' This is the true Harpignies, the austere master whose landscape art is noble in design, authoritative almost to the point of harshness, and yet very tender, as only the work of the true nature-worshipper can be.

"Lhermitte in such august company as this is just a little dwarfed. He gave such fair promise in that early work, the grave, spacious landscape, 'End of the Day,' here exhibited, that more might have been expected from him than has been actually achieved. His most accomplished performances are those in *fusain* (charcoal) and in pastel, and examples, complete and admirable enough in their way, of this accomplishment, this industry, are included in the current show of the French Gallery. The not less complete oil paintings of the period of maturity show this pastel-like touch, and, though they stand for realism half transformed by the poetry of sympathy, betray too much in the working out of unemotional calmness and calculation to be wholly convincing. The exhibition as a whole is of remarkable interest, and maintains an unusually high level of excellence."

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN, *May 29th*, 1909.

"At the French Gallery, Pall Mall, in an exhibition of remarkable interest, can be studied the work of four outstanding Continental artists still painting. * * * *

"The present collection in London is, therefore, of exceptional interest; it includes such lovely spiritual visions of the child as 'Enfant Couchée' and the 'Butterflies'—paintings that one finds on thinking of them afterwards have touched one's nature beneath the joy they gave with a disquieting intensity, with something of the foreign spiritual contact one feels in Blake's child poems. The 'Young Cook,' painted in 1871, is an exquisite example of the sweet realism that excludes the sentimental from his art. She is as near life as Millais's girls in 'Autumn Leaves,' but some wand has touched the colour—she is 'fey.' He does the same miracle with a sinister outskirt of modern Paris in his 'Montmartre,' with its strange patch of red in the clay hill and its little wistful space of sky. In others, such as 'The Enchanted Wood,' and 'The Prince and Princess,' he weaves in terms of pure fantasy. 'Christening,' a pastel, is an approach to the affairs of men, and for that reason perhaps has a hint of tragedy."

THE OBSERVER, *June 6th*, 1909.

"Four modern Dutch and French masters of the group that at the present moment has almost ousted the old masters in public favour, if one may judge from the astounding results of recent auction sales, form the unusually attractive programme of an exhibition that has been opened at the French Gallery. * * * *

"Technical mastery constitutes but one side of Matthew Maris's great art. There is another side to it, more significant perhaps, and more general in its appeal—and this is the rare and exquisite charm of his romantic imagination, for the veteran painter has retained through all his life the mind of a fanciful innocent child, unpolluted by contact with the cruel and ugly realities of this world, for which there is no place in his art. His records of facts are tinged with romance; but when he gives free rein to his imagination, he creates a Maeterlinckian world of mysterious woods and enchanted castles, peopled by princes and princesses who lead not a real existence, but a dream life, and whose most serious occupation seems to be the chasing of butterflies. There is a visionary dreamy charm in the expression of his very peasant girls and kitchen maids, something of the mystery that is the eternal attraction of Lionardo's 'Mona Lisa.' The wide open eyes of the exquisitely beautiful 'Enfant Couchée' reveal a whole world of vague dreams and longings."

PALL MALL GAZETTE, *April 25th*, 1909.

"The speciality of this exhibition is the show of Matthew Maris's. Maris's come to us generally as 'single spies,' but here are seventeen—and it is a 'battalion.' We see him, for a wonder, at all periods, and in all moods. Here is a landscape done when he was fifteen—if we remember rightly his birth-date—and here are performances of his later

maturity. Here he is seen as the author of the fairy tale—one who embodies dreams and fancies in turquoise and pale gold—a painter of the light that never was on sea or land. The piece called 'Butterflies' is about the best of his visions of an enchanted world; yet there is even a deeper poetry, perhaps, in the conception of the background to 'Lady with Goats.' Figures like 'Boy with a Hoop' and 'The Young Cook' are of the sturdiest and yet of the most refined realism. And a piece—it happens to be a landscape—in which poetry is combined with realism is the canvas called 'Montemartre': the Montemartre of 1872. A little dull, at first—but very characteristic—are its dominant browns and greys and its scanty reds. But you lose consciousness of dulness as gradually its subtlety reveals itself to you; and your experience of this canvas ends with the conviction that it is at once creation and record."

THE STANDARD, *May 31st*, 1909.

"At the French Gallery, Pall Mall, Messrs. Wallis and Son have had many excellent exhibitions, but rarely one that surpasses in quality their present collection of 61 paintings, the work of four masters—Matthew Maris, Israëls, Harpignies, and Lhermitte. The honours, of course, are with Maris, of whom there are seventeen works. Never—in England at least—have so many examples of his unique and original art been brought together, except at the Guildhall some years ago, when a small collection of the Dutch master's work was exhibited. * * * *

"The work of Joseph Israëls comes next in artistic merit, and he, too, is admirably represented by some of the best examples of his art, such as 'The Drowned Fisherman,' a rather early work, the pathetic 'Grief,' and his 'Sheltering from the Storm,' which, though rated highly by some critics, is too much like Millet, and not half so original or so dramatic as the 'Grace before Meat' (25) or as the 'Making Pancakes' (23). There are good examples of Harpignies, whose art is really very varied, if it be austere in sentiment. 'The View in the Campagna' (30), 'A View on the Oise' (35), and 'Bords de la Loire' (36) all show the true Harpignies and his art at the early and later periods of his long artistic life.

"The fourth artist, Lhermitte, is seen, perhaps, most to advantage in his pastels, which are most accomplished, and give the illusion of light and atmosphere wonderfully. Drawings like 'The Reapers' (47) and 'Changing Pastures' (48) illustrate this side of his art very well. 'The End of the Day' is the best of the oil paintings. Altogether this exhibition is one of the best of its kind."

THE DAILY NEWS, *May 22nd*, 1909.

"An exhibition which appeals to all lovers of noble art has been organised at the French Gallery, Pall Mall. Four veteran artists only are represented: Harpignies, than whom none possesses a more profound sense of landscape design: Joseph Israëls, the interpreter of the peasant life of Holland, as in a still loftier way was Millet of the peasant life of France; Matthew Maris, whose dream will now hardly take visible shape; and Leon Lhermitte, the pastoralist." * * * *

"Seldom, if ever, has Harpignies surpassed, whether in expressive design, in eloquent colour that seems to re-breathe the life of nature, or in imaginatively true lighting, two relatively small landscapes now to be seen. On the opposite wall is a great sunset piece which demonstrates how young the artist was at eighty-five. By Israëls are an early and immature 'Faggot Gatherers,' an impressively designed and gravely handled picture on a big scale. 'The Drowned Fisherman,' and among others a small interior, 'Grief,' which takes high rank in his œuvre. There is a moving simplicity in the design of the figures, the solemn beauty of the death chamber is communicated to and revealed by the brush of the artist. For the rest, Lhermitte, who has not the exalted vision of Matthew Maris, the dramatic power of Israëls, nor the uplifted naturalism of Harpignies, can advantageously be studied in some eighteen pictures and pastels."

GLASGOW HERALD, *April 21st,* 1909.

"Exhibitions at the French Gallery, Pall Mall, are apt to be important in proportion to their infrequency. * * * *

"During his 70 years of life Matthew Maris has painted—or at any rate permitted to leave his studio—less than that number of pictures. He cannot be charged with over-production. Of these no fewer than 17 may now be seen in Pall Mall. Several of the most lovely are lent by Scottish collectors, for in the neighbourhood of Glasgow the genius of this poet-painter, who even as a child knew everything of himself, was early recognised. At least one comes from Montreal, where are about half-a-dozen of the very finest examples. At the French Gallery it is possible to trace the development of Matthew Maris's art onward from when as a not particularly skilled student he did the 'Cottage Scene,' past the study of 'The Beach at Scheveningen,' done in 1854, a little in the manner of his forerunner Adrian Van de Velde, but with a hint of himself in the treatment of the grey sands; onward through his incomparable period of the early seventies, and onward again to some of those later works in which he has failed wholly to capture the essentials of a dreamy vision. Indisputably belonging to the front rank are the 'Montmartre,' 1872, considerably bigger and not less perfect in poise and temper than 'The Four Mills,' which caused such a stir at Christie's the other day; the 'Enfant Couchée,' 1873, of a little girl in blue and tempered white, quiet eyed, lying on a bank, above hover two splendid butterflies; the larger 'Butterflies' of the following year, beneath which is said to be another exquisite picture; 'The Young Cook,' 1871, which hauntingly sublimates a humble calling; and the subtly tender, intimately gracious 'Girl at the Well.' * * * *

"Though the 17 pictures by this mystic artist will constitute the clou of the exhibition for many visitors, each of the other three painters is admirably represented. Than Harpignies no European landscapist has had a finer sense of landscape design, so to say of the architecture of a picture. He is a master of firmly rooted stately trees, of the structure, the colour, the texture of the earth; and as someone has pointed out, his humblest cart road has force and value. Half a century hence wealthy Americans will vie with one another to acquire some of the landscapes of Harpignies—landscapes so

strong, of so universal a temper, that they seem to image the eternal youth of the world. Seldom if ever has he surpassed two now exhibited—Views in the Campagna they are called. In design, in the use of the nurtured green of the earth, in the natural magic of the lighting, they could hardly be excelled. These were painted in 1896-7. Opposite is the much larger 'Sunset on the Banks of the Ain,' a wonderful picture for a man of eighty-five.

"The biggest canvas, 'The Drowned Fisherman,' shows how impressively Israëls can design, so to say, with his subject matter. The procession moves away from the turbulent sea gravely, rhythmically. In addition to a very early and immature 'Faggot Gatherers,' a delightfully expressive 'Making Pancakes,' and several others, we see Israëls at one of his consummate moments in the small interior 'Grief,' dating probably from the late sixties. The figures of the girl and the child in the death chamber have a monumental inevitability of design, and the closely realised environment is worthy of them. This emphatically is an exhibition to be visited."

THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE, *June 21st,* 1909.

"The Summer Exhibition at the French Gallery consists of selected pictures by four of the most distinguished artists of modern times—Israëls, Matthew Maris, Harpignies, and Lhermitte. To students of the work of these great naturalists the collection should be very valuable, for it includes representative examples of them, not only at their best, but at most of the vital stages of their careers. By Maris, for instance, we have those two gems 'The Young Cook' (8) and 'The Girl at the Well' (15), as well as a series of those exquisite fairy-tales in which he is almost unrivalled—ranging from a wonderful drawing, 'The Enchanted Castle' (12) to the idyll baldly entitled 'Lady with Goats'—the true story whereof perhaps only the painter knows. The collection is a notable one from every point of view."

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